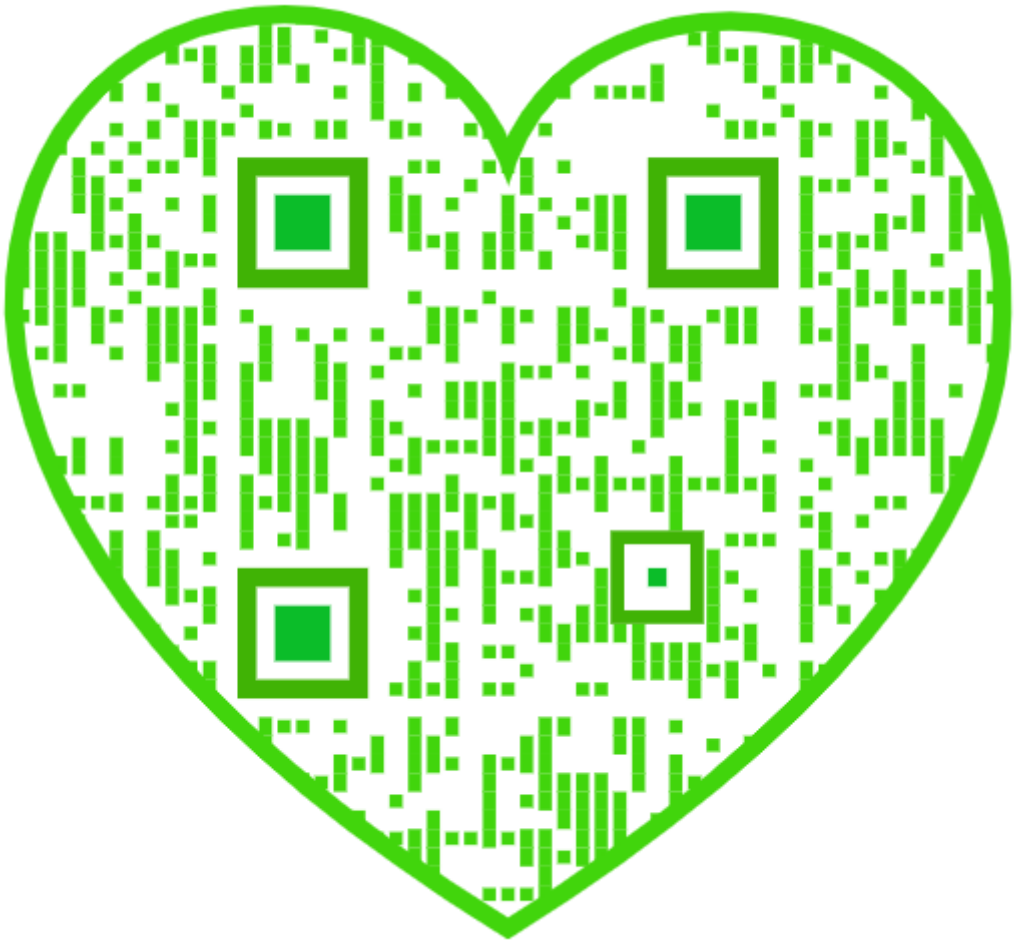
OH, TO BE RICH AND YOUNG!

JABEZ T. SUNDERLAND



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OH, TO BE RICH AND YOUNG!

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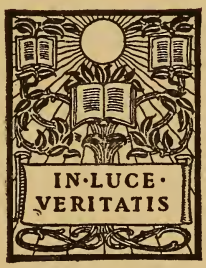
BY

JABEZ T. SUNDERLAND

Author of "The Spark in the Clod," "The Origin and Character of the Bible," etc.



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I DEDICATE
these pages to my
BELOVED WIFE

It seems fitting that they should be associated with her name, because her life was so rare and noble an embodiment of the ideals which they try to express.

Go forth, little book, and carry to whom you may, truths that were dear to her, and that she so splendidly lived.

"In the nine heavens are eight Paradises:
Where is the ninth one? In the human breast.
Only the blessed dwell in Paradises;
But blessedness dwells in the human breast.
Created creatures are in the Paradises;
The uncreated Maker in the breast.
Rather, O man! want those eight Paradises
Than be without the ninth one in thy breast.
Given to thee are those eight Paradises
When thou, the ninth one hast within thy breast."

FROM THE ARABIC

Translated by W. R. Alger.

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I

WEALTH WHICH ALL MAY WIN

"The true veins of wealth are purple, and not in Rock, but in Flesh."

JOHN RUSKIN.

"I have a stake in every star,
In every beam that fills the day;
All hearts of men my coffers are,
My ores arterial tides convey;
The fields, the skies,
The sweet replies
Of thought to thought, are my gold-dust."

DAVID A. WASSON.

"There are those who make themselves rich, yet have nothing; there are those who make themselves poor, yet have great riches."

PROVERBS 13: 7.

WEALTH WHICH ALL MAY WIN

Great Wealth for all

In a world so rich in its resources as ours, it is unendurable to think of man's lot as one of permanent poverty. The products of the earth, actual or possible, are abundant to supply the need of every human being, and banish want and physical suffering from the world. The fact that any human beings are hungry or cold, or destitute of material necessities and comforts of life, is a reproach to our civilization and our Christianity. Long ere this all poverty — all poverty which produces suffering — ought to have been banished from civilized lands.

Every friend of humanity, therefore, should be deeply in sympathy with all efforts looking to a better adjustment of economic conditions, a more equitable distribution of the products of labor, and the creation of conditions such as to insure that, to a greater extent than we now see, the wealth of the world shall be controlled by those who create it, and employed for the benefit of those who need it.

Two Kinds of Wealth

And yet, the problems of the right distribution of material wealth, and of the abolition of physical poverty, are not the only ones, or even the greatest, that are before our age. Man is not a body merely; he is a living soul. Soul poverty is as real as bodily poverty, and even more serious in its results; and soul wealth is

even more important than any possible wealth consisting in material things. Is not our whole generation forgetting this to an alarming degree?

Do not so-called rich men need to learn, more than they need to learn anything else whatever, that true riches are of the mind and heart, and not of the purse or bank account; and that if they are without these internal possessions, in the sight of God and all right thinking persons they are bankrupts and paupers?

And do not so-called poor men need above everything else to know that realest poverty and realest wealth are internal, not external; that while efforts to improve their material conditions are legitimate and imperative, yet in spite of material conditions, in spite of any hardships that external poverty can inflict, and in the face of all existing injustices of industrial and social conditions, they may if they will be possessors of very real and very great riches, —and riches that nobody can take away from them?

It is as true now as it was in the days of Solomon: "There are those who make themselves rich, yet have nothing; there are those who make themselves poor, yet have great riches."

Is real wealth identical with legal possessions? Is it obtained through, and only through, law

courts and law papers? Or is there wealth, vast, real, splendid, and more to be prized than any other wealth known to men, of which the law takes no cognizance, and which all the legal processes in the world are powerless either to give us or to take away from us?

Legal Possessions

The truth is, we are all the while calling a thousand things ours which we do not own in any legal way. Yet they are among our truest possessions.

For example, I say "my friend." What do I mean by that "my"? I do not have any legal ownership of that friend, and yet I know that I have a right in some true and real sense to call him *mine*. And my possession in him is very precious.

I say "my wife," "my child." But I do not own these in any such way as I own property. I am not at liberty to sell them, or destroy them. Yet in a sense far more deep and real than that of mere legal possession they are mine.

I say "my country," and if I have any patriotism in my soul the words thrill me. I feel that the country in which I have always lived, and which I have always loved, is mine in a sense very deep and very sacred, even though I may not have legal ownership of a single rod of its surface. If you want to know what it means to say "my country"—what possessions

you have, deeper and more inalienable than legal titles, in her every valley and hill, nay in everything that pertains to her—go and travel in a foreign land. Then you shall understand. Or, if still you do not know, then read Edward Everett Hale's little book written at the time of our civil war, "A Man Without a Country," and see how unutterably poor is a man who, amidst all the lands of the earth, can say of none, "It is mine."

Poets as Teachers

With reference to this matter of wealth other than that of a legal kind, perhaps our best teachers are our poets. Their eyes, better than most, are able to penetrate down below appearances to realities, and to see that man's life is more than meat and drink.

We all have, or may have if we will, large and rich possessions in the world of nature around us; and possessions there capable of unlimited expansion. Writes Lucy Larcom:

"I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine,—
The orchard and the mowing-field,
The lawns and gardens fine."

Writes Charles Mackay:

"Rich am I, if, when I pass
Mid the daisies in the grass,
Every daisy in my sight

Seems a jewel of delight;
Rich am I, if I can see
Treasure in the flower and tree,
And can hear 'mid forest leaves
Music in the summer eves;
If the lark, that sings aloud
On the fringes of the cloud,
Scatters melodies around
Fresh as rain drops on the ground;
If the tides upon the shore
Chant me anthems ever more,
And I feel in every mood
That life is fair and God is good!
I am rich if I possess
Such a fund of happiness!"

Sings David A. Wasson:

"A Stake in Every Star"

"I have a stake in every star,
In every beam that fills the day;
All hearts of men my coffers are,
My ores arterial tides convey;
The fields, the skies,
The sweet replies
Of thought to thought, are my gold-dust;
The oaks, the brooks,
And speaking looks
Of lovers, faith and friendship's trust.
Talk not of store,
Millions or more,—
Of values which the purse may hold,—

But this divine:
I own the mine
Whose grains outweigh a planet's gold."

Here are some lines written by John W. Chadwick, telling us of the wonderful wealth that is waiting to be ours in the world of the beautiful:

"This is the law of beauty,
That, if we but serve her well,
All things are ours henceforward,
In earth and heaven and hell.

All things of the brown old planet,
All of the deep blue sky,
All that the ear can hearken,
All that can fill the eye.

And if we are rich with their riches,
The world may give or withhold;
For He who is God of beauty
Her secret to us has told."

"Heirs of the Ages"

In still another direction is vast and very precious wealth offered us. I mean from the thought and achievements of the great past. Again let a poet, Julia R. Dorr, tell the story:

"Heir of all the ages, I,—
Heir of all that they have wrought;
All their store of emprise high,
All their wealth of precious thought;

Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears;
Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary toiling years;
Heir of all the faith sublime
On whose wings they soared to heaven;
Heir of every hope that Time
To earth's fainting sons hath given;
Aspirations pure and high;
Strength to do and to endure:
Heir of all the ages, I,—
Lo! I am no longer poor!"

Are all these words only idle utterances of disordered minds? or do they speak to us of the deepest of all realities?

Says Ruskin: "A man's hand may be full of invisible gold, and the wave of it or the grasp shall do more than another's with a shower of bullion. This invisible gold does not necessarily diminish in the spending. Political economists will do well some day to take heed of it, though they cannot take measure."

Two Kinds of Ownership

A little careful thought shows us that ownership in this world is of two kinds, namely, legal ownership, and ownership which we get by knowledge, love and appreciation; and that the ownership conferred by law papers is the lower of the two.

This does not mean, however, that legal pos-

session is to be despised or that it is not important. In its place it is very important. The experience of the race shows that the right of property-possession, guarded and protected by legal forms, is an essential to civilization. Where that right is best guarded—most equitably guarded in the interest of all—society rises to its best; and where it fails to be properly guarded, there anarchy and injustice appear, and civilization goes backward.

And yet, essential as is legal ownership to the stability and progress of society, it is possible and easy to let it crowd out of sight the other kind of ownership which is still more important, namely, that which comes from knowledge, sympathy, love, appreciation, enjoyment.

Of these two kinds of ownership, that which stands uppermost in the public mind, is undoubtedly the legal. Speak of ownership to a hundred men, and ninety-nine will not only suppose you to mean the legal, but will scarcely be able to understand that it is possible to refer to any other. And yet, the kind of ownership which the law is able to create is the more limited, the more superficial, the less under control, and far the less enduring of the two.

Limitations of Legal Ownership

There are only a few things which we can legally own. Of the things that enter as essentials into your life and mine, how few do we buy or sell! Can we have legal title to the sun-

shine, which gives life to the world? Can we own the air, without which we could not exist? Alas! that by our cruel industrial regulations we can deprive human beings of sunshine, and compel them to live and labor under shocking conditions of darkness and foul air—robbed of their birthright! Can we buy or sell the clouds, or the rains that water the earth, or the great oceans, which are the primary reservoirs from which all clouds, snows and rains come? Can we buy or sell the seasons that come and go in their time? Can we own the day or the night? Can we own the moon and stars that give the night its beauty? the splendor of sunsets? the freshness of dewy mornings? the songs of birds? the endless variety and charm of nature?

Can we own human society, or the great world of human thought, without which our lives would be a barren desert? Can we buy or sell love? Can we, with any mere legal ownership, own poetry, or art, or music, or religion? We may own a Bible, but is that religion? We may own a book of noble poems, or a grand piano or a fine picture; but if that be all, have we any part or lot in the world's splendid wealth of poetry or music or art? Mere money and law papers give no ownership of this wealth. To inherit this kingdom we must be born again, not of gold or silver or warranty

deeds, but of the spirit, which is love, knowledge, desire, appreciation—a soul alive to beauty, to music, to art, to poetry, to religion.

In another way legal ownership contrasts unfavorably with the ownership that is of the mind and character. Since it is external, it is liable at almost any time to be lost. I may have possession of immense properties to-day, but to-morrow may bring unexpected reverses of fortune and sweep everything out of my hands. Not so with the deeper ownership. What has been made mine by knowledge, by love, and by appreciation, is mine for ever; no changes of fortune can rob me of it. It has become a part of myself.

Selfishness of Legal Ownership

Still another thing, too, should be said of legal ownership. We need to be constantly on our guard respecting it, or else it will narrow us, contract our lives, and make us selfish. It need not do this, but to multitudes it does, and hence to them becomes a curse. The way it does it is this: before we came to have property which we called our own in the restricted legal sense, our eyes were open to the larger heritage which we have in all things. Our minds were not distracted so but that we enjoyed all nature, all beautiful things, whatever was lovely no matter who owned it. But as soon as we got a piece of property that was ours in a special, legal way, our eyes were turned to

that, our affection was centered on that, the larger world vanished away, and this little farm, or lot, or whatever it was, became virtually our world.

Says the author of that charming little book, "A Tour Round My Garden":—"Property is a contract by which you renounce everything that is not contained within four walls. When I had nothing of my own, I had forests and meadows, and the sea, and the sky with all its stars. Since I purchased this old house and this garden, I have no longer anything but this house and this garden. . . . Are you poor? The sea is yours with its solemn noises, the grand voices of its winds, the aspects of its imposing rage, and its still more imposing calm. It is yours; it is likewise others. At some future period, when by dint of labor, mental exertion, perhaps business, you shall have become more or less rich, you will have a little marble basin constructed in your garden; or at least you will be eager to buy and keep in your house a vase containing a couple of gold-fishes." But what now of the sea? Will it not be gone? Will it not have contracted to this marble basin, or this glass vase?

Alas! this is what too often happens. Generous, and unselfish, and dwelling in a large world, so long as we have only that ownership of love and appreciation which we share with

all others who love and appreciate, the moment we get something as our exclusive own, we are only too likely to grow selfish and let our whole world of enjoyment narrow to that poor bit of legal property! What can prevent such a catastrophe? Only one thing—resolutely to keep the open eye, the wide vision, and especially the unselfish heart. Resolutely to think of all property held by us as being what it really is, simply a trust,—a trust of which we are simply for the time being the stewards. Resolutely to keep in mind that the things which money can buy are always only second rate things.

Emerson's Farm

Emerson bought a little farm in Concord which did not narrow his life, but greatly enlarged it. This was because he saw his acres in their larger, their universal relations, and because with them he obtained so much that had more than money value. Writing of his purchase, he said:

"When I bought my farm I did not know what a bargain I had in the blue-birds, bobolinks and thrushes, which were not charged in the bill. As little did I guess what sublime mornings and sunsets I was buying, what reaches of landscape, and what fields and lanes for a tramp. Neither did I fully consider what indescribable luxury is our Indian River, which runs parallel with the village street, and to

which every house in that long street has a back door through the garden to the river bank. . . . Still less did I know what good and true neighbors I was buying: men of thought and virtue. . . . I did not know what groups of interesting school boys and fair school girls were to greet me in the highway, and take hold of one's heart at the school exhibitions."

Do all men who buy farms get as much for their money, so many appurtenances "not down in the bill," as Emerson did? If not, why not?

Which was the Owner?

I went into a great museum. An ignorant rich man, who understood nothing of its wealth, except what he was told, held the title deed. A scientist of extraordinary attainment, who had large knowledge concerning everything in it, and whose loving labor of a life-time had made it what it was, had it in charge. To which of the two belonged the museum, in the true sense of the word?

I saw a splendid picture, painted by a great master. A millionaire who understood nothing about art, and cared nothing except to buy with his gold what would make the world talk about him, purchased the picture, and put it in his private gallery, but never went near it except to show it to some rich friend as ignorant as himself. But the gallery was in charge of an artist who appreciated and loved the picture, and to whom it was a perpetual delight and in-

spiration. Which of the two in the deeper sense owned the picture?

I saw a beautiful garden. The woman who paid taxes on it and called it hers, had no love for it, and only thought of it as something to display. But the gardener who created and cared for it, knew and loved and found joy in every flower that opened within its borders. Which was the real possessor?

How is it that we make books and writers our own? By purchasing volumes and placing them on our shelves? or by studying the authors, and filling our minds with what they have written? Who really possesses Shakespeare's works, —he who owns the rarest and most costly editions? or he who has the great dramas in his mind and soul?

How is it that we make the flowers, and plants, and birds,—the flora and fauna of a region—our own? By buying up real estate? or by long-continued and loving study?

Thoreau and Wordsworth

Henry Thoreau had no legal ownership of Walden woods or Walden pond. But he knew and loved every tree and shrub and flower and bird of the one, and every stone on the beach and every changing light and shadow on the mirrored surface of the other. Did that knowledge and that love give him no proprietorship? The world will always think of both pond and woods as a hundred times more Thoreau's than

the men's who had legal title to them. And will it not be right? Was there a richer man in New England than Thoreau?

Any of us who have visited England and have made a tour of the famous Lake Region of Cumberland and Westmoreland, have found there a singularly picturesque stretch of valleys and lakes, hills and mountains, popularly called "Wordsworth's Country." Why is it so called? Because Wordsworth held title deeds to it? On the contrary, its title deeds were held by men whose names we have never heard mentioned, and Wordsworth held legal claim only to a modest hillside home. But everywhere the great poet had stamped himself upon the region, by the fidelity with which he had studied it, under all skies, in all seasons,—every rugged peak, every mountain tarn, every secret nook of every valley, every variety of flower and shrub, every effect of sun and shadow on lake and mountain side, all the highways and by-ways and secret mountain paths, all the homes in the villages and cottages in the far off lonely wilds, every dweller in all the region from oldest grandsire to prattling child, all the history and folklore and old tales of the region—and had woven them all as warp or woof into the cloth of gold of his poetry. Why then should not this region be called Wordsworth's Country? Who owned it if not he? And who had a better right to

bequeath it to posterity connected with his name? Of all the great landed proprietors of England, who was so rich as he?

I have spoken of the fewness of the really most valuable things of human life that can be bought with money, and of the great number of the things which give life its sweetness and its worth that are free and that offer themselves alike to rich and poor.

"A Madman's Last Will"

I have never seen this more strikingly illustrated than in a curious and very remarkable paper which has recently fallen into my hands. The paper has had some circulation under the title of "A Madman's Last Will," it having been supposed to be the production of a man named Charles Lounsbury, at one time an able lawyer, who died insane and destitute in the Chicago (Cook County) Asylum, in the year 1900. It turns out, however, to have been written, in nearly the form given below, by Mr. Williston Fish, of Chicago, a lawyer and business man, and the author of several books. Its beauty and grace, the distinction of its sentiment and the virility of its style, make it eminently worthy of attention, entirely aside from the lesson which it teaches with such unsurpassed charm and power as to the real nature of riches.

THE WILL

"I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound and

disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interests in the world among succeeding men.

"Of that part of my interests, which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal; but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

"*Item*—I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement and all quaint pet names and endearments; and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

"*Item*—I leave to children inclusively but only for the term of their childhood, all and every the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely, according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against the thistles and the thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave to the children the long, long days to be merry in a thousand ways, and the nights, and the moon, and the train of the Milky Way,

to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

"*Item*—I devise to boys jointly all the useless, idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snowclad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate,—to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood; and all meadows with the clover blossoms and the butterflies thereof, the woods with their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds, and the echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found.

"And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance or care.

"*Item*—To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by all the walls, the bloom of the hawthorne, the sweet strains of music, and aught else that may be desired to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"*Item*—To young men, jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weak-

ness, and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power to make lasting friendships and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

"*Item*—And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully, without tithe or diminution.

"*Item*—To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep."

Wealth and Happiness

The other day I was reading an account of one who was declared to be "the happiest man in London." Who was he? A millionaire? No. A member of the aristocracy? No. A man who had ease and luxury and leisure? No. He was a laboring man, with very moderate wages, who lived in a small flat of two rooms, with his invalid wife, who for twenty-six years had been confined to her room and her bed, and for whom, during all this time, he had cared, doing with his own hands all the work of the precious little home—precious because she was the center and light and joy of it.

In the morning he arose early, cooked the breakfast for the two, washed the dishes, tidied the rooms, rendered to his wife with tender solicitude such service as she needed, placed her mid-day meal on a stand beside her bed, and with a loving kiss went away to his day's toil. When his work was over at night, with glad steps he hastened back to her whose smile was his heaven, eager to render still further service, and doubly rewarded when he could add any smallest drop to the cup of her comfort or her happiness.

For twenty-six years this had gone on, the husband never complaining and never wearying,—all his privation and self-sacrifice (what others would call privation and self-sacrifice) a delight to him because prompted by love.

And the wife, bed-ridden though she was, was well nigh as happy as the husband.

What was the explanation? Both were happy because both were rich with the most precious wealth that this world knows anything about, the wealth of pure and unselfish affection. If any millionaire in London found half the joy in life that they found, it was because he possessed other kinds of wealth than his money, and better than money can buy.

What is Wealth?

Let us inquire exactly, What is wealth? Jesus hints the true answer when He says: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the

whole world and lose himself?" Mohammed also hints the eternal reply when he says: "A man's true wealth is the good he has done in this world. When he dies, mortals will inquire, What property has he left behind him? but angels will ask him, What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

Real wealth is whatsoever deepens, enlarges, enriches or enobles human life. And it is nothing else.

The seeing eye is wealth. The ear attuned to music is wealth. The alert mind is wealth. Knowledge is wealth. Health and strength are wealth. Hope is wealth. Courage is wealth. Good deeds are wealth. Honor and integrity and spotless character are great wealth. A will in harmony with the Divine Will is precious wealth. Love is wealth beyond all words. And the absence of these is poverty, no matter how much of what men superficially call wealth one may possess.

How Rich They Are!

How rich is the man who enjoys and appreciates good music!

How rich is the man who loves good literature, and through the printed page enjoys daily companionship with the great souls of the present and the past!

A scholar with his knowledge, how rich is he!

A lover of nature who finds joy in sun and storm, and companionship in mountains and stars, how glorious is his wealth!

Not less rich is the husband who possesses the love of a true wife, or the wife who owns the affection of a true husband.

A mother presses a sweet babe to her breast, and kisses its cheeks again and again in her ecstacy of affection. How rich she is!

A father looks with pride on his five growing boys. How rich he is!

A young man sets out upon life, to carve out for himself a career. He is without a dollar; but he has health, courage, a good education, and an ambition to make his life noble and useful. How rich is he!

The business man who through all temptations and pressures has kept his integrity, how rich is he!

The public man who has never stooped from high honor, how priceless is his wealth of manhood! But the public man who has sold his manhood for gold, how miserably he has impoverished himself!

He who has faith in God, faith that, over and under and at the heart of all that is dark in human life, there is a Divine Wisdom and Love, is very rich.

He who has faith in immortality, faith that his loved ones are his forever, faith that, though

> "Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain;
> Heart's love will meet him again,"

has great riches.

WEALTH FOR ALL

The office of religion is to dower men with wealth—wealth that is eternal.

Contrasts

A millionaire rolls by in his carriage, without joy, without hope, without faith, without eyes to see, tired to death from chasing about over the earth trying to find some place in which his selfish soul can be happy, and, as the result of it all, seriously questioning whether life is worth living. How miserably poor he is!

A day laborer goes by on foot, on his way home from his daily toil. He has a strong arm, a brave heart, a clear head, a free mind; a wife and children whom he loves; a future before him to which he looks forward with hope. How rich he is!

We are apt to think we are doing most to supply men's wants and to make them rich when we furnish them with money or material possessions. This is often the greatest of mistakes. Even the poor tramp that asks for bread or old clothes at our door needs food and clothing for his mind even more than for his body.

"I gave a beggar from my little store
Of well-earned gold. He spent the shining ore
And came again, and yet again, still cold
And hungry as before.
I gave a thought, and through that thought of mine

He found himself a man, supreme, divine,
Bold, clothed and crowned with blessings manifold.
And now he begs no more."

Superiority to Circumstances

One of the most pitiful things about the lives of most of us is the fact that to such a degree we are slaves to external conditions—to our wealth if we have material wealth, or to our poverty if in material things we are poor. What can break or mitigate this slavery?

Nothing so surely as the possession of riches of the mind and heart.

How superior internal riches makes one alike to external wealth and to external poverty is well shown by an incident in the life of James Russell Lowell. On the occasion of his first visit to the home of the woman who afterward became his wife, Lowell wrote to his friend, Charles Eliot Norton, saying, "I went down last week to Portland to make the acquaintance of her family, and I liked them, especially the mother, who is a person of great character. They live in a little bit of a house in a little bit of a street, behind the great house (the biggest in town) in which they were brought up, and not one of them seemed conscious that they were not welcoming me to a palace. There were no apologies for want of room, no Dogberry hints at losses, nor anything of the kind, but all was simple, ladylike and hearty. A family of girls

who expected to be rich and have had to support themselves are not likely to have any nonsense in them. I find Miss Dunlop's education very complete in having had the two great teachers, wealth and poverty; one has taught her not to value money, the other to be independent of it."

Those who are poor in soul chafe at external poverty. But make men and women rich enough in soul and they smile as sweetly in the midst of poverty as when surrounded by the greatest wealth.

A Man's "Worth"

We often hear men inquire concerning another, How much is he worth? meaning, how much money has he? As if the worth of a *man* could be measured in *dollars*.

A shrewd old man once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, that you never marry a poor man. But remember that the poorest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else." This reminds us of the Greek Themistocles, who, being asked whether he would rather his daughter should marry a poor good man or a rich bad man, answered, that he would much rather have his daughter marry a man without money than money without a man.

The man who really owns himself owns the world. You can put him in no place in which he is not rich. On the other hand, he who owns the world and is not rich in himself, is wretchedly poor, wherever he goes or stays.

I believe there are no poorer men living than some whose wordly possessions are immensely great. The long years and years of effort and strain to get rich, mean almost necessarily the dwarfing of the soul's higher powers and possibilities, the gradual degrading of the soul to the money level, the loss of the power to enjoy the finer and nobler things of life.

How to Acquire Wealth

Do any of us ask the question how we may obtain the largest possible possessions? The answer depends upon what kind of possessions we seek. We can get the most of legal possessions, undoubtedly, by living definitely for these, by turning all our powers into money-making and money-saving powers,—by making Mammon our god, and serving him day and night.

But, if we recognize other possessions as more valuable than the legal, the way to enrich ourselves with the largest amount of these is to cultivate our minds, and store them with knowledge, so that all nature shall be to us an open book; to become acquainted with the great past and its noble life, so as to feel that this is all ours; to mingle heartily and sympathetically in society around us, so as to learn to recognize our fellow-men as our brothers, and their interests as our own; to open our hearts unselfishly to love, to appreciation, to the willing and glad service of every good cause that appeals to us;

and, above all, to open our souls to the comfort and joy and strength of religion and of God.

Thus, whether our bank accounts are large or small, and whether the deeds and mortgages in our strong boxes are many or few or none, we shall have riches that will enlarge and ennoble our lives, which will gladden all our days, which will bless all with whom we have to do, which cannot be taken from us by thief or cheating fellow-man or business director, or even by death itself, but which we shall carry with us to be our permanent and eternal wealth in whatever future the good God may have for us beyond this world.

"All Things Yours"

The lives of us all would be simply inexpressibly rich if we would appropriate even half the wealth God offers us! Writes quaint and devout George Herbert:

"For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and waters flow.
O mighty love! man is one world, and hath
Another to befriend him."

What we need is the open vision, the appreciative mind, the thankful heart. Without these there is no joy for us in this world; and, what is even more serious, there cannot be in any other to which God can ever take us.

The inappreciative mind complains of the

sun, that there are spots on its surface, instead of seeing with joy his glowing face of kindly fire that fills the whole world with light and life. The unappreciative mind complains of the rose that it is not a lily, and of the lily that it is not a rose; of the spring that it is not the summer, and of the summer that it is not cool and fresh like the autumn; and of the starlit night that it is not bright like the noon. With an impoverished mind and heart, the legal ownership of the whole earth would still leave us poor. With mind and heart endowed with knowledge, love, and thankfulness, the loss of all worldly possessions would still leave us rich.

"In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied!
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has, in their aid,—
Love that not ever seems to tire,—
Such rich provision made!"

Thus it is that the mind creates and the mind destroys, the mind makes rich and the mind makes poor, the mind transforms the earth we tread into hells and heavens.

Says Paul: "All things are yours." Yes, all best things, all things that are most precious and enduring, are ours if we will have them.

In the lower and poorer sense of wealth, which is of the flesh and of material things, we cannot all be rich, and it is a small matter that we cannot; but in the higher sense, which is of the soul, there is not one of us but may be rich with a wealth that is measureless, infinite in value, and lasting as God.

II

BEAUTY WHICH ALL MAY ATTAIN

"The sense of beauty is the mainspring of civilization. God planted the sense of beauty in us to be our educator. Through it He says to us perpetually, 'Come up higher.'"

FREDERICK H. HEDGE.

"The outward form takes its glory or its baseness from the inward spirit."

STOPFORD A. BROOKE

"We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to embrute them."

HENRY D. THOREAU

BEAUTY WHICH ALL MAY ATTAIN

A World of Beauty

It is our good fortune to live in a world where beauty abounds. We can scarcely open our eyes without seeing it. Day and night are alike full of it; so are all the seasons.

Beauty takes many forms. There is the beauty of the inanimate world, as skies, seas, sunsets. There is the beauty of the vegetable world in all its vast and varied and wonderful range. There is the beauty of the animal world, from the infinitesimally small, revealed only by the microscope, up to man. And then finally, there is the glorious world of human beauty.

I think it is plain that all this marvellous beauty, of sky, and earth, and ocean, and human form divine, would not be here if it had not a valuable purpose to serve. I cannot think its creation has been a mistake. It would seem that the Divine Author of all things must Himself care for beauty, or else He would not have so filled the world with its enchanting presence.

And if God does love beauty, why should not we? If He has given us faculties to recognize and enjoy this fine side of the world and of life, shall we impoverish ourselves by not using them? Shall we willingly cut ourselves off from one of the sweetest and most unfailing sources of happiness that we can know in this world? For surely

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet
breathing."

So much did the wise Goethe appreciate the power of beauty to add joy to life, that in his Wilhelm Meister he lays down this rule: "Man sollte alle Tage wenigstens ein kleines Lied hören, ein gutes Gedicht lesen, ein treffliches Gemälde sehen."*

This is a very simple rule; but who doubts that, faithfully carried out, it would transform the life of millions into something wholly new, pushing back the cruel walls of drudgery that shut them in, and giving them an outlook into the sunshine; lifting them up out of their bondage to routine and the hard physical, to a height whence they could see the sky, and feel themselves in touch with humanity and hope and God?

Human Beauty

All kinds of beauty are not on a level. In what kind should we most interest ourselves, and learn to find most delight? In other words, at what point does the world's beauty rise to its best? Is it in a rose? Is it in an apple orchard in full bloom? Is it in a rainbow spanning a

*"Every day we should at least hear one little song, read one good poem and look at one choice picture."

storm cloud? Is it in a broad expanse of water, under moon and stars? I think we must answer: In none of these; but in the perfect human face and form.

Why then should we not most admire human beauty? And why should we not all desire it for ourselves and for those whom we love? Is there any human desire more legitimate?

Surely it is worthy of any woman's ambition to be beautiful. I do not say to be a pretty doll. I do not say to practice artificial deceptions which in the end repel. But to have a face and a form beautiful with health and symmetrical development, and animated and irradiated by intelligence, by the graces of culture, by a beautiful soul,—that is surely worthy the effort of any woman.

Rightly understood, beauty is also a worthy object of man's desire. A fine form, an erect carriage, a noble bearing, a well-developed physique, a modulated voice, a face expressive of intelligence, gentleness, courage and strength,—surely these are not to be lightly regarded by any man.

I think that any of us who are parents ought to teach our children not to despise beauty, but to put high store upon it, and to strive to attain it. However, let us not make the mistake of fostering in them the shallow notion that it is a thing merely of the skin and the hair and the

physical features, much less of the fashion plate. Such so-called beauty is as thin as every other kind of veneer. It profanes the high thought of beauty to see in it nothing beyond these surface things.

External and Internal Beauty

Beauty is of two distinctly different kinds. One is the beauty that can be put on and put off; the other is the beauty that is a part of ourselves.

Doubtless the beauty which can be put on and put off has its place. I would be the last to speak disparagingly of it. There is such a thing as beautiful clothing. There is such a thing as beautiful adornment of the person. The reasonable use of these is not to be despised. I would not be willing to say that the most exquisite handiwork of men, or the most precious treasures of the mine or the sea, can find any more fitting service than that of lending added charm to the human person.

But there is another kind of beauty that rises as much higher than any mere externality, as the mind rises above matter. It is the beauty that is in us and of us. Stopford Brooke hints it when he says: "The outward form takes its glory or its baseness from the inward spirit."

The difference between the two kinds of beauty may perhaps be illustrated in this way: Here is a tree. That form of beauty which is

superficial and external comes to the tree and attaches to it externally, artificial foliage, wreathes, garlands, Chinese lanterns, wax fruits, and such like things, and thus makes a spectacle, which for the moment may be very attractive. But there is in it all no life; and it is deceptive and transitory.

That form of beauty which is internal and natural comes to the tree through rain and sun and proper soil and renewal of life from within. As a result we soon see the inward life of the tree manifesting itself outwardly; buds swell on every twig; flowers burst into bloom, forming a robe for the tree more gorgeous than Solomon's; then follows the dress of green, exquisitely wrought; and in the autumn luscious fruit loads its boughs. Thus we have a beauty that lasts the whole season through, and advances from grace to grace and from glory to glory. And the next season it does the same; and the next, and the next, on continuously. And why? Because it is *of* the tree. It is only the coming forth to expression of what is in the tree, as its deepest life.

In the same way, the beauty which should be most prized by us in connection with ourselves and other human beings, is not that which is attached to us, at one particular time or another, as dress, or adornings; it is that which is of us,—the spontaneous and necessary ex-

pression of the life that is in us. Such beauty will endure, and will grow richer with the years.

The process of reaching out and getting beauty of some external kind and attaching it to ourselves can never be more than to a limited degree satisfactory. It has to be done over and over, and forever over and over. It is costly too. Few men could afford to own trees if they had to go to the expense of keeping them decked with leaves and flowers and fruit brought from the outside and hung upon their branches. It is not less expensive to be obliged to depend for personal beauty upon that which we must buy and attach to ourselves, instead of having a well-spring of beauty within us.

Worst of all, any externally beautiful things that we can get and attach to our persons, as clothing or ornaments, fail utterly to make *us, ourselves*, beautiful. If we, in our real selves of mind and spirit, were unbeautiful before we obtained the adornments, we are just as unbeautiful after. Fine clothing or ornaments may draw attention for the time being away from our unbeautifulness, but it remains just the same; and all who come near us know it, and we know it, and God knows it.

We ought to desire more than a diversion of eyes from our ugliness. We ought to want real beauty,—beauty so true and deep that it will stand the test of time, of our neighbors, of our

own eyes, and of the scrutiny of Him who cannot be deceived.

How can we all become really beautiful?

Human beauty has a threefold basis,—physical, intellectual, and moral. Growth in beauty must be based upon threefold culture,—of the body, to give it health and symmetry; of the intellect, to give it knowledge and alertness; of the moral nature, to give it strength and grace. Let us see what these involve.

Physical Beauty

That beauty has a physical basis will be generally confessed. It will not be quite so generally confessed that that physical basis is a purely natural one, lying wholly in good health and a perfect development of the body. In the past there has been wide-spread dependence placed upon the artificial as a producer of physical beauty, as for example, artificial smallness of the feet; artificial slenderness of the waist; artificial whiteness of the skin; cosmetics, etc.

There have been times when the idea widely prevailed that a pale cheek, a languid air, a condition of semi-invalidism, are signs of beauty in women. In our times we are getting the truer thought that the elastic step, the glow of health on the cheek, the ability to walk and ride and swim, and drive a horse, and climb mountains, and bear a part in the world's work are far more beautiful. It is coming to be seen

that the best cosmetics are fresh air, sunshine, exercise, nutritious food, regular sleep taken between ten o'clock at night and seven in the morning, regular work done every day, worthy objects to live for, and a quiet, regular, active, natural and useful life.

Dr. Sargent on Beauty

Says Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, Physical Director at Harvard University: "Women have begun to realize that the surest road to beauty of face and figure, as well as health of body, lies through the path of physical culture. Out door games, such as tennis, golf and horseback riding, have served to make the college and society girl stronger, while her sister of the shops and factories finds recreation and muscle-nourishment in the factory gymnasium and public gymnasium. By these modern changes, woman is gradually coming into her own. Her sex is becoming strong and well developed. While man has had the advantages of centuries of training along this line, woman's ambition was latent; but now that she has started toward the intended goal, her development and progress will be rapid. Perhaps she will yet overtake man in a field which he has been wont to claim as all his own."

The first direction, then, in which we who care for beauty in man or woman must learn to look for it, is not to the fashion plate, or to the drug store, but to the bath-room, to the proper

ventilation of our sleeping apartments, to the number of hours we spend each day in the fresh air and the sunshine, to the provisions we make for our physical health and development as human beings.

And the first direction in which we who care for the beauty of our children must learn to look for that, is, to their habits,—to see that these are regular and natural; to their sleep, to see that it is plentiful and at timely hours; to their work and study, to see that these are done under conditions of health; to their play, to see that it is not cut off; to their conditions of life generally, to see that they are simple and rational.

It has been said that if the laws of God which pertain to the health of the body were perfectly obeyed by even a single generation, the next generation would be physically beautiful. This is doubtless an over statement, but it is certainly in the direction of the truth.

The ancient Greeks were doubtless the most beautiful race physically that the world has ever seen. Why? Not simply because they were wise enough to cultivate physical beauty, but because they were wise enough to cultivate it in the only way in which it is possible to cultivate it successfully, namely, by so training their youth as to develop to the very utmost their physical vigor, activity, strengh, endur-

ance, bodily symmetry, health. They knew that the true way to make either trees or human beings beautiful is to fill them with abounding life.

Intellectual Beauty

This brings me to the second source of beauty, the intellectual.

Human beauty must have more than a mere physical basis, else would a wax figure be as beautiful as a live person.

It is well known that peoples in low states of civilization are seldom fine looking,—are seldom possessed of anything that we would call beauty. Why? The principle reason seems to be the stolidity, the dullness of mind of these peoples, which makes them unattractive whatever may be their physical features. There is no mind-beauty to shine through the physical, to light it up. So, too, in civilized lands, persons who live low down in the senses are never beautiful with any kind of beauty except the lowest, the coarsest, the most transitory.

How much mind has to do with beauty, we see every day. We all know persons whose skin is fair, whose features are symmetrical, who, judged by physical standards alone, should be pronounced fine looking. Yet they are not. Why? The trouble is, there is no irradition of the countenance by a fine intelligence behind it and speaking through it. The eyes are dull. The face is hard and heavy, if not coarse and sensual.

On the other hand, we all know very plain and ordinary faces, distinctly homely faces, if judged simply by physical standards, that somehow we never think of as homely. Indeed, we have the distinct impression that they are beautiful faces. What is the explanation? When we meet them their eyes are lighted with thought, their countenances beam with intelligence, the spiritual so transforms the physical that the plainness of the features disappears, and beauty sits in its place.

Said one lady of another: "She is accounted very plain; but I have seen her so absolutely beautiful as to draw everybody in the room to her. When she is happy, and speaking with animation, her face kindles with a perfect radiance."

Ruskin on Beauty

Ruskin, in the second volume of his Modern Painters, where he discusses the principles of beauty, puts great stress upon the importance of the intellectual element,—"the operation of the mind upon the body; the intellectual powers upon the features, in the fine cutting and chiselling of them, and removal from them of signs of sensuality and sloth by which they are blunted and deadened, and the substitution of energy and intensity for vacancy and insipidity." By reason of the lack of these mental qualities, he declares "the faces of many fair women are utterly spoiled." The mind, he urges, gives

" keenness to the eye and fine moulding and development to the brow."

Many a young lady of twenty dreads to grow older for fear her beauty will wane, and thus she will become less attractive. Alas, the fact that she thinks of beauty as only physical shows that probably she will grow less attractive as she grows older. What a pity it is that she does not understand that the finest beauty is of the soul, and that this beauty she may have and keep and get more abundantly, and thus be more attractive at forty than at twenty, and preserve her charm right on in spite of the years! Beauty that draws its chief life from the active mind and the noble spirit is almost independent of years; indeed it is likely to rise to its perfection only with considerable fulness of years.

It has long been known that the most attractive women of history have not generally been young women. It seems also to be true that they have not usually been women of great physical beauty. Their power has oftenest been mental. Even Aspasia and Cleopatra seem not to have been so beautiful physically as many another Greek or Egyptian woman. Their fascination was of the mind.

Moral Beauty

Closely connected with the intellect as a source of beauty, stands the moral nature. It is not simply the intellect that speaks through the face; the whole character does so.

Says Amiel: "Why are we ugly? Because we are not in the angelic state; because we are evil, morose, unhappy. Heroism, ecstacy, prayer, love, enthusiasm, leave a halo around the brow, for they are a setting free of the soul, which through them gains force to make its envelope transparent and shine through upon all around it. Beauty is, then, a phenomenon belonging to the spiritualization of matter. Intense life and supreme joy can make the most simple mortal dazzlingly beautiful."

We have an old proverb, "Handsome is who handsome does." This is more than a neat way of saying that a good deed makes us forget whether the doer is handsome or ugly. There is something in the habitual doing of good deeds, at least there is something in the doing of good deeds coupled with habitual thinking of good thoughts from which good deeds spring, which tends to make the face grow kindlier, more refined, more spiritually attractive, and therefore more beautiful. I am sure that this is so.

Many a person longs to be beautiful, oh with such a passionate longing! Many a young woman feels her life blighted because she is not beautiful. But it is the shallow beauty of the external that she thinks of. The deeper beauty which comes from intelligence, and especially the deepest, highest, most captivating, most enduring beauty of all, that comes from the graces

of the spirit, she forgets. Yet this highest beauty waits all the while to be hers if she will have it.

Wrinkles

Nobody likes wrinkles. We usually think of wrinkles as signs either of ugliness or old age, or both. How may they be prevented? By preventing the causes, which are generally mental or moral, not physical. Wrinkles begin inside. Though they seem to be located on the surface, their roots are really in the brain. There are as many different kinds of wrinkles as there are different sorts of character. Most wrinkles are simply creases in the skin made by habitual or fixed expressions of countenance; and expressions of countenance are created by thoughts and feelings. The way to prevent ugly wrinkles, therefore, is to prevent ugly thoughts. There is no other way. Skilful massage of the face may do something, but not much. The massage which is effective is of the mind,—that which drives out ill nature, impatience, worry, anger, bitterness, envy, irritation; and gives peace, content, the forward instead of the backward look, kind feelings, hope, faith; for there was

> "Never thought but left its stiffened trace,
> Its fossil footprints in the plastic face."

Said a certain lady: "I would as soon think of leaving my room in the morning before put-

ting on my dress, as before putting on my face." How may an attractive face be put on? Not primarily by the aid of the looking glass. That way lies failure. There must be something deeper. Begin the day by summoning kindly feelings to the heart, and sunny and brave thoughts to the mind, and your face will not lack charm. Fill your heart with sunshine, and soon enough you will have a face to match it.

Frances Willard

Frances Willard, one of the queens among the women of America, has told us in the story of her life, how in her childhood she longed to be beautiful, and it was a great trouble to her that her features were plain, until a wise older friend changed the whole course of her thoughts by showing her that beauty of mind was worth far more than were any graces of the body; and from that time it was her constant longing and prayer to be made beautiful within. With this aim before her she grew up into one of the noblest women of the world and one of the most winsome.

Sometimes beauty comes to human beings by paths of which they little dream. Persons cry out selfishly for beauty; but alas! God gives them duty instead. Bye-and-bye they learn to forget themselves and to bend lovingly to their tasks. Then out of their self-forgetting, out of their love, out of their duty-doing, a higher

beauty is born for them, infinitely higher, a beauty which all men love, a beauty which awakens envy in nobody, a beauty which endures, a beauty which makes them akin to the angels and to God.

How the Mind Carves the Face

Says Schopenhauer: "The face of a man gives us fuller and more interesting information than his tongue; for his face is the one record of all he has thought and endeavored."

Says Thoreau: "We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to embrute them."

Says William C. Gannett: "A face where sin has plowed its gullies deep, is a glimpse of the uncovered hell. Woe unto them who have had aught to do, by parentage or by example, with the driving of that plow!"

Writes Ruskin: "On all the beautiful features of men and women, throughout the ages, are written the solemnities and majesty of the law they knew, with the charity and meekness of their obedience; and on all unbeautiful features are written either ignorance of the law, or the malice and insolence of disobedience."

Says Emerson: "Beauty is the mark that God sets upon virtue."

Again Emerson: "You shall not tell me by languages and titles a catalogue of the vol-

umes you have read. You shall make me feel what periods you have lived. A man shall walk, as the poets have described that goddess, in a robe painted all over with wonderful events and experiences;—his own form and features by their exalted intelligence shall be that variegated vest."

Says Bronson Alcott: "Were we not sinners we should all be handsome." "Everybody feels a little wronged if he or she is not handsome. Somebody has sinned, and this is the symbol."

There are no such records as those inscribed upon the human body but especially upon the human countenance, were we only skilled to read them.

What tragedies look out of human eyes! What reminiscences of joy lurk in the curves that circle about human lips! What stories of toil, of endurance, of sorrow, of suffering, of defeat, of victory, of loves and hates, of ecstasies and despairs, are written in the lines that deepen and deepen with the years on human foreheads and cheeks!

Lincoln

Great qualities of mind and heart often shine through the features and make even the plainest face seem dignified and attractive. We have a marked illustration of this in Abraham Lincolr, whose face was plain and homely to an extraordinary degree, and yet who to those that

knew him well came to seem almost beautiful. Socrates was a notable illustration of the same in the ancient world. Thousands of others might be found, both men and women.

In cases of men of noble character even the furrows on their brow are not lines of ugliness which repel, but of daring, tenderness, strength and greatness which charm and win.

Writes Ernest Crosby:

"They are grand old men whose faces hang on my study wall.
I have done with the old beauty, of the flawless marble face, unscarred by thought or struggle or experience.
I want a new and nobler beauty:
I want the tragic beauty of countenance that tells of the conflicts and triumphs of life;
The palimpsest on which we may decipher all that is best in human history;
The beautiful lines and curves laboriously wrought by persevering love;
The face on which great souls have been trying for years to stamp themselves, and which grow more beautiful to the end —
Such are the faces of my grand old men.

"Men create themselves — it is only babes that God creates.
A new idea harbored and entertained will remake a man.

A great idea will make a little man great, it will write itself upon his blank face and transform its meanness and pettiness.
Let us open our doors to the spirit that made the grand old men."

There is no other such sculptor of the face, as the human spirit within. The mind toils all its earthly years to crave and mould a body after its likeness; and nobody and nothing can defeat its purpose. As a vacant mind makes a vacant face, so a sensual disposition carves its sensuality on the countenance; a cold heart creates a hard and steely look; cruelty in the heart writes its cruelty on the features; moral badness within soon finds a tell-tale outside — just as scrofula in the blood breaks out in sores on the skin.

On the other hand, nothing carves the lines of serenity and dignity on the countenance so surely as great and noble thoughts and deeds. Let a high purpose or a splendid enthusiasm burn habitually in the soul, and how certainly the face will become glorified by it! Let kindness be in the heart, and no power can keep the face from revealing its sweet presence.

Pain and Sorrow as Sculptors and Beautifiers

We sometimes imagine that pain and sorrow destroy beauty. Yes, sometimes they do. If they are borne complainingly, and with a bitter spirit, they only too soon make the fairest

faces look lined and old and ugly. But if they are met bravely, uncomplainingly and sweetly, they give to the human face a deeper and diviner beauty than perhaps it ever otherwise obtains.

I have known a woman who for seven years never walked a step, but lay in her bed weak and suffering, or at best sat up and was wheeled about in an invalid's chair; but all the while she was the center, the delight and the inspiration of a large circle of friends. Though well educated in earlier years and passionately fond of literature, she was not able to read much; but what she did read was of the best, and others gladly read to her; so that her mind was always well and freshly stored with the best thoughts of the best writers; and all this intellectual treasure she gave so freely and with such charm to others, that her room became a sort of literary *salon*, attractive in the highest degree to all who came within its influence.

She never spoke of her sufferings, indeed she seldom spoke of herself at all, so interested was she in others. Her radiant spirit made all who approached her feel that they were in the presence of health, not illness.

Many who were in sorrow sought her, because nowhere else could they find such tender sympathy and such reinforcement of hope. She took pains to find out and to remember all who

were sick within the circle of her acquaintance, made daily inquiries concerning them, and planned to get their wants looked after, or, if nothing else was needed, to have a handful of flowers sent to each.

Her bedside was the brightest spot in the the neighborhood. Few entered her presence without getting from her some high and inspiring thought, and nobody left it without carrying away something of her courage and cheer. Children danced with joy at being allowed to visit her, her greeting was always so bright, and she was so sure to have a flower or bit of confection, an orange or a story for them.

I always think of her as possessed of great beauty. Now, after twenty years, I ask why, and I know the true answer is, Her beauty was of the mind and heart. True, she had luxuriant hair and fine eyes, and features of pleasing outline; but in these respects hundreds of others were her equals. Her superiority was of the soul. The grace and charm within, shining out, refined, ennobled and glorified her face, and made everybody think of her as extraordinarily beautiful.

It has been said that lovelines is only the outside of love. Certain it is that love in the heart has a magic power to make the face lovely. Where is the boy or the man who loves his mother as a son should, who does not think her

beautiful? I suppose the real reason why we always picture the angels in heaven as beautiful, is because we think of them as loving and good.

Religion as a Beautifier

True religion is a great beautifier of the face, because it creates love and trust in the soul. False religion makes faces hard, gloomy, ugly, because it creates fear in the soul.

There is a sign in Boston which someone has said might well be placed over the doors of the churches: "Wrinkles and frowns removed here." This is exactly what a church is for. A true church removes wrinkles and frowns by creating a heart loving and at peace.

Pity and kindness are great beautifiers. Hope is a magical beautifier. Courage tends to mould the features into lines of high dignity and charm. Faith, trust and reverence are all wonderful transformers of the countenance, because they transform the soul. If we carry our burdens and cares and sins to God and let him lift them from our hearts and consciences, the joy that comes cannot fail to show itself in our looks. We read of Moses, that when he had been up onto the mountain with God and came down, his face was shining. We read the same of Jesus. Do not all those who really live near to God, have shining faces?

Sometimes you go to a photographer and sit for a picture. You want it to be a representa-

A Photograph of the Soul

tion not of your ugliest but of your most attractive self. What does the photographer do? Does he make a negative and then print impressions immediately from that? Not so. He does what he calls "touching up" the negative, before he prints from it. Very likely in this process he may take out strength lines, character lines, if he be a bad artist. But if he is a good artist—a true artist—he takes out only ugliness lines. He notes those lines and wrinkles and expressions that have been put into your face by passion, by worry, by anxiety, by selfishness, by unkindness, by indulgence of your lower appetites; and these he rubs out—as much as he can—thus giving you as far as possible a picture of your better self—of your face unmarred by your soul's deformities.

But how very serious is the thought that your soul is all the while writing its character and its history on the very flesh and bones of your face! The artist can touch up his negative: can he touch up your character? It is something to get the physical marks of passion, greed, worry, impatience, uncharitableness out of your photograph. But how much better if you can keep the ugly passions themselves out of your souls!

This is the great matter of human concern in this world. Here is the supreme task of human life. We must create for ourselves Beautiful Souls.

III

PERPETUAL YOUTH FOR ALL

"While we converse with what is above us, we do not grow old, but grow young."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

"Love works the miracle of Youth;
Love speaks the oracle of Truth;
And they who prove
The strength of love
Grow younger and more young."

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

"The deeper I drink of the cup of life, the sweeter it grows."

JULIA WARD HOWE.

PERPETUAL YOUTH FOR ALL

The Dream of Perpetual Youth

One of the great, alluring dreams of the past has been that of the possibility of attaining to Perpetual Youth. Thousands have asked eagerly: Is there not somewhere a magical fountain, from bathing in whose waters men and women may emerge young forever, — freed from the dread of old age and the doom of death? Multitudes of adventurers besides Ponce de Leon have searched ardently for such a fountain.

Has the dream been only an illusion? Must the search be forever unrealized? Quite the contrary. There is a Fountain of Perpetual Youth; and whosoever will may find it. But it is not in any far off Florida. It is not in the physical or external world at all. It is within man: it is in your soul and mine.

The human soul is made for youth, not for age. Age pertains to the body; the soul should defy it.

If the soul be kept young as it ought to be, what we call old age — that is, age of the body — is not to be dreaded; it is part of the wise order of nature, and is as beautiful in its place as the evening of the day or the harvest time of the year. Indeed it *is* life's evening; it *is* life's autumn; and if one would not wish for days without late afternoon hours and sunsets, or for

years without Octobers, why should one think that human life would be more desirable if it did not include old age?

Life's Varying Charms

True, youth is usually thought of as the time of life which is possessed of the greatest charm. And, in a sense, rightly. If we are thinking only of physical charm doubtless we must go for that to childhood, youth, or the earlier years of manhood and womanhood. Childhood may be very truly thought of as the budding time of life; youth and young manhood and womanhood as the blossoming time; and more mature life, reaching on to old age, as the fruit-bearing season.

There is one beauty of the bud, another of the full blossom and another of the fruit.

The charm of childhood is very great. Poets will never cease to sing it; painters will never tire of portraying it on canvas.

The charm of opening manhood and womanhood is as great, though it is different. The young man says, "Why cannot I always remain young?" The young woman says, "Why should I pass on from these sweet years, and my charms fade, and wrinkles creep into my face?" But there is also a charm, an exceeding beauty, of old age. Generally it has little to do with the body, though we all know faces of old men and women that are striking in their attractiveness,—faces that win and draw

us as few younger faces do. Usually, however, the beauty of age is not primarily physical, but better, it is intellectual, moral, spiritual.

Bodily beauty and grace are likely to come early, if they come at all; and they are evanescent. Beauty of soul and graces of spirit are longer in reaching their development; but once in existence they continue; and the power of their fascination is far greater, as well as more lasting, than mere physical beauty can ever exert.

The Beauty Which Poets Sing

It is not strange that physical beauty is admired. The fair face of the child is a fit object of admiration. So is the fine form of man or woman, when, Apollo-like, or Diana-like, it represents the highest perfection of the human body. It is not strange that these forms of beauty are oftenest sung by poets; the impulse comes to men sooner to sing of what lies on the surface than to sing of what is deeper. It is not strange that these are oftenest painted; it is easier to paint the body than the soul. But sometime poets and painters will arrive to whom the soul will mean something so great and so divine, that they will be able to make men see in old age a possible beauty and glory transscending anything that immature years can know.

There is no denying that it is commonly regarded as a misfortune to grow old. About the

only class of persons that desire to be much older than they are, is children. The girl of eight wants to be twelve, and the girl of twelve wants to be old enough to put on long dresses and be thought a woman. The small boy wants nothing so much as to grow. If he is a younger brother, his ideal is to be as big and as old as his older brother. If you call him a year younger than he is, he feels grievously hurt. If you want to make a boy of ten your enemy call him little. As a rule all boys desire to be men more than almost anything else in the world.

The Approach of Age

But when boys and girls once get to be men and women, a change comes. Now, instead of hastening the wheels of time, they would like to put brakes on them. Few events in life are more startling to the average man or woman than the discovery of the first grey hair.

The approach of old age is not a light matter; as life itself is not a light matter. To be old is to have one's earthly years largely behind one. It is to have the larger part of one's earthly life work done. This must be a serious thought to every earnest mind. It need not necessarily, however, be a sad thought. The only occasion for sadness is the consciousness of unfaithfulness, the knowledge that one might have spent his years more wisely and done his work in life better. If I set myself a task to do

in my study, I am not sorry when it draws near completion. If you set yourself a task in your store or office or home, you are not sad when you find your work nearing the end. Why then should we despond when we see the life-long task which God has given us to do on earth, drawing toward its close? The dread of old age that exists in very many minds is greatly to be deprecated. Many persons seem to think of age as necessarily a dreary, joyless period, which must be endured when it arrives, but which none can look forward to without regret and apprehension. Thus an old English bard chants mournfully,

"Old age is dark and unlovely";

and the author of the Old Testament book of Ecclesiastes calls old age "the evil days," when we shall have "no pleasure in them."

Whitcomb Riley

One of our minor American poets, James Whitcomb Riley, who usually writes cheerfully, gives us these gloomy lines about old age:

"The biting wild winds whistle through
Our tattered hopes, when age comes on.

. . . . . .

Oh, tide of raptures long withdrawn,
Flow back in summer floods, and fling
Here at our feet our childhood sweet
And all the songs we used to sing:
Old loves, old friends, all dead and gone —

Our old faith lost — when age comes on!
Poor hearts! have not we anything
But longings left, when age comes on?"

Is this a true way of looking at old age? I cannot for a moment think it is.

Of course old age may be unhappy; but so may middle life; and so may youth and childhood. I believe there is no more necessity for old age being unhappy, than for any other period of life being so. I doubt whether, as a matter of fact, the old, at least in civilized lands, are not quite as happy as the middle aged or the young. Possibly they may not have quite so many or quite so keen physical pleasures; but are these not fully made up for by the higher pleasures of the mind and the heart?

Advantages of Old Age

If old age has certain disadvantages, it has also certain distinct advantages and certain very real compensations.

As we go on in life, as a rule the battle grows a little less strenuous. That is an advantage.

We do not run so hotly after little things, and so we have more time. That is a gain.

Our tastes are apt to grow simpler. That also is a gain.

The superficial things, of money, and dress, and notoriety, and places in society, and the like, which men and women are apt to chase so eagerly after in earlier life, tend to lose a little

of their importance in our eyes, and the deeper things which give life its real satisfactions and its lasting joys, tend to rise into a little greater prominence in our thoughts. This change is a substantial good.

We get better acquainted with ourselves as the years go on: we find out what we can do and what we cannot. Thus we are saved some mistakes. It becomes easier to become reconciled to ourselves, and to bear with our own shortcomings.

We get larger experience of life, and of men, and that makes us, or ought to make us (I think usually it does) more just and kindly in our judgments of others, and a little more charitable and patient in view of their shortcomings.

It is a little easier to meet disappointments and troubles than it was earlier in life, because we have learned to take larger views. We have learned that though "weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning." By a thousand experiences we have found that

"the darkest day,
Live till tomorrow, will have passed away."

And so we a little more easily rise above troubles and disappointments into the serener air of peace.

At the same time life itself grows richer by reason of the added harvests of reading and

Life Growing Richer

thought and observation and experience which every additional year of life brings. We have a larger outlook over the world, and so we understand better the news that comes to us of great world movements. We have a more comprehensive outlook over the past, and so history has larger meanings for us.

If when we get on in years we are unable to walk quite so fast or so far as once we could, the electrical car and the automobile, which have come to us since we were young, do much to take the place of nimble feet. If our eyes tend to lose a little of their excellence of vision, the oculist and optician quickly make them almost as good as new.

Perhaps the saddest experience connected with old age, or with feeling one's self drawing on toward it, is the growing absence of dear ones from our side,—the falling of one and another and another on the road, of those who have long kept companionship with us. But as the old friends go, we are not left alone; new ones, precious new ones, come. Nor are the old lost; they live with us still in our thoughts and our love; while hope tells us of a reunion a little way on, which will make them all ours again forever.

Such are some of the compensations of old age. Such are some of the things which we should remember whenever we are tempted to think of the afternoon or evening of life as a time to be regretted.

Age not a Thing of Years

One of the mistakes oftenest made about old age, is thinking of it as a thing wholly of years. The truth is, real old age is a thing much more of the mind and heart than of time. When age is allowed to invade the soul, then comes life's tragedy.

And it has to be confessed that numerous such tragedies confront us. While many men and women are young at eighty, many are old at thirty. Who does not know persons of thirty and under who are already "disillusioned," as they say; that is, to whom life has lost all its high meanings and therefore its joy? Their world, instead of being a wonder, a delight, a splendid mystery, a temple of God, is banal and empty!

The book of Ecclesiastes draws for us the picture of an old king,—not necessarily old in years, but with a soul aged, wrinkled, and joyless, because he had lived only for selfish pleasures and for the surface things of human life! His constant refrain is

"Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!"

He tells his story:

"I builded me houses;
I planted me vineyards;
I made me pools of water;
I got me servants and maidens;
I gathered me also silver and gold.

So I was great, and increased more than all who were before me in Jerusalem.
Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought,
And behold, there was no profit under the sun;
All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Involuntarily we exclaim, Poor, withered, crippled, aged heart! how pitiful is your case!

Walter Bagehot, in writing of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, sketches for us the mental interior of a *blase* woman of fashion: "Society is good," she writes, "but I have seen society. What is the use of talking or of hearing bright things? I have done both till I am tired of doing either. I have laughed until I have no wish to laugh again, and made others laugh until I have hated them for being such fools." Continues Bagehot: "What is left to such people? They have exhausted all the springs that are in sight, and have no inclination to bore for deeper ones. Among all the varieties of human character and condition, does the earth contain any other such specimen of sheer hopelessness as your comfortably placed men and women, whose one discovery is that life is not worth living? And their life certainly is not."

Who are Old?

Some of the really oldest persons I have ever known — oldest in heart — have been persons much under middle age.

As soon as the freshness and interest is gone out of life, one is aged.

As soon as one wants the years or the days to hurry by, or he begins to think and talk about "killing time," he is getting old.

As soon as a man makes up his mind that the deepest human motive is selfishness, or that every man has his price, he is old; his heart is withered.

As soon as a woman begins to suspect everybody's sincerity, she is old; her soul is wrinkled, whatever may be the appearance of her cheek. I know of nothing more dreadful than such premature and unnatural old age as comes from living selfishly and on the surface of life, until all that is noblest and deepest has faded away and has come to seem an unreality.

The man who lacks faith, whether faith in truth, or in justice, or in his fellow-man, or in himself, or in God, is aging in heart; weakness and decrepitude are creeping into his soul.

Marks of Age

There are still other marks of real old age—old age of the heart and mind. As soon as the tender green of the grass or the gold of the dandelion or the witchery of the falling snow-flake ceases to be a joy to one, he is aging.

He who habitually looks backward, instead of forward, is old; no matter if he has seen only twenty years of time.

He who is interested in nothing new, is old.

He who sees Eden in the past, and who thinks the former times were better than these, is old.

He who distrusts the young, and thinks the great men are all dying off, with none to take their place, is old.

He who is timid and afraid to undertake new enterprises, is old.

The pessimist is old. The skeptic and the cynic are old. The habitual fault-finder and complainer is old.

The man or woman or child who looks habitually on the dark side of things, and always thinks it is going to rain or snow or storm, is old.

The person, no matter how young he may be in years, who has made up his mind that he is unlucky, and that when his bread and butter falls on the floor it always falls butter side down, is already old.

He who does not care for children is old. He to whom the laughter of children is not music, is old. If a man has children and does not play with them and enjoy the play, he is old, and may well ask himself, "Am I really their father? Am I not their grand-father?"

He who does not enjoy humor, and whose face seldom smiles, is old.

He who runs to business, without time to kiss his wife or child, or who thinks about his busi-

ness all day Sunday when he ought to be thinking about things that will give his tired soul rest and peace, is fast growing old.

He who never has time to stop and hear a bird sing, or to admire a sweet flower, is old.

He to whom a dollar is of more value than an uplifting thought, is very old and very poor.

Thus we see that old age of the mind and heart—the only kind that any of us need much dread—has little to do with years. It is well nigh as likely to come at forty or thirty or twenty, as at seventy or eighty. In comparison with this kind of old age how little is to be feared the aging of the body! For in the oldest body may dwell the youngest spirit.

Achievements of Old Age

Another serious mistake often made regarding old age—the old age of years I mean—is to think of it as necessarily an idle or inactive or unproductive period in life. The truth is, some of the very best work of the world has been done and is being done to-day by persons far on in years. Take away from history the great achievements of men above sixty, or seventy, or eighty, and the world would suffer an irreparable loss. Writes Longfellow, in his *Morituri Salutamus*, a poem composed in his old age:

"Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Aedipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers

When each had numbered more than four score years.
And Theophrastus at four score and ten,
Had but begun his Characters of Men;
Chaucer, at Woodstock, with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote his Canterbury Tales;
Goethe, at Wiemar, toiling to the last,
Completed Faust when eighty years were passed."

This is scarcely a beginning of the long and splendid list of achievements of men far on in life.

The artistic and literary genius of Michael Angelo was little if at all dimmed at the age of eighty-three, as is shown by the exquisite sonnets, the fine architectural drawings and the noble models for sculpture produced by him at that advanced age.

Linnaeus was still a devoted botanist at seventy-seven, and exclaimed, "I am happier in my work than the king of Persia!" Humboldt kept young to ninety in scientific studies and publishing the results of his scientific investigations.

Gladstone at Eighty-Seven

Gladstone was holding the office of Prime Minister of Great Britain at eighty-three, and fighting one of the most strenuous political battles of his life, that over Irish Home Rule; and

at eighty-seven he was addressing great meetings all up and down England to arouse public sentiment in favor of the suffering Armenians.

At seventy-five Disraeli was Prime Minister, and full of the cares of empire; and at the same time he was writing another of his remarkable novels.

Von Moltke was Commander in Chief of the German army, and planned the great campaign against France which ended in Sedan, when he was over seventy.

In the war carried on by the British against the Boers in South Africa (1899-1902), when younger generals had failed again and again, and the situation was getting critical in the extreme, General Roberts, nearly seventy, was put in command, with the result that very soon he straightened out the tangles, averted the threatened calamities, and led the British to victory.

Somebody once asked Lord Palmerston the question: "When is a man in his prime?" The great Premier replied, "At about seventy-nine. I am past my prime, I am just eighty."

Pope Leo XIII carried responsibilities as heavy as those of any king or emperor or president of a great nation, and yet he discharged them with remarkable ability and vigor until beyond ninety.

Sir Moses Montefiore, the distinguished Jew-

ish philanthropist, carried on his works of beneficence almost to the time of his death at the great age of one hundred and one, and made the last of his seven notable journeys to the Orient in the interest of the Jewish people when he was nearly ninety.

James Martineau continued his literary productivity until beyond ninety, and gave to the world his three greatest books after he was eighty.

Hugo at Eighty-Three

Victor Hugo continued to write on with wonderful freshness and power almost to the time of his death at eighty-three, and declared at the last, "I have not yet given expression to a hundredth part of what is in me."

Tennyson gave to the world his exquisite "Crossing the Bar" at eighty.

Browning wrote his Reverie and Epilogue to Asolando, two of his very finest short poems, only shortly before his death at seventy-seven.

Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes both kept their singing gifts little if at all impaired to the age of eighty-four.

William Cullen Bryant retained his vigor as a writer and his great activity in public service, to the end of his long life. No important public occasion was complete without his presence and his word. When he died he was probably the most honored and the most conspicuous citizen of New York. Indeed his death was occasioned

by a sunstroke received while making a public address at the unveiling of a statue in Central Park at the age of eighty-four.

John Adams was inaugurated President of the United States at sixty-two, Andrew Jackson at the same age, Buchanan at sixty-six and General Harrison at sixty-eight.

Marshall served as Chief Justice of the United States until he was eighty-five, and Taney until he was eighty-seven.

At eighty, John Quincy Adams, "the old man eloquent," was the conscience of the United States House of Representatives and by far its most conspicuous and commanding character.

At seventy-eight George F. Hoar was the greatest intellectual and moral force in the United States Senate.

Dr. Hale at Eighty-Five

At eighty-five and beyond, Edward Everett Hale was Chaplain of the United States Senate, a writer wielding a pen prolific and powerful beyond almost any other in the nation, and a leader in nearly every great movement for reform and for educational, social and religious progress in the country.

Dr. H. W. Furness of Philadelphia was pastor of the First Unitarian Church of that city for fifty years. He went on publishing books up to the age of eighty-three, and at eighty-eight was preaching with all the grace and elo-

quence that had given him distinction half a century earlier.

Dr. Robert Collyer was an active pastor until far beyond eighty, with brain as clear and heart as warm as in youth, and eagerly sought for as a speaker on all kinds of important public occasions near and far.

Dr. Henson was called to the pastorate of the large Tremont Temple Baptist Church in Boston when he was seventy-two, because no younger man could be found who seemed able to fill the important place.

Dr. James B. Angell filled the arduous and responsible position of president of the great University of Michigan, with its more than four thousand students, until his eightieth year, the Board of Regents of the University refusing to accept his resignation earlier.

Until beyond the age of eighty-five Dr. Goldwin Smith of Toronto continued to be one of the most active writers and public men in Canada, as he was the most distinguished and influential.

At seventy William DeMorgan began a wholly new literary career, that of a novelist, and achieved distinction in it.

At much past eighty, Thomas Wentworth Higginson was publishing new books, and writing and speaking with a charm which no man of his generation could excel.

At far beyond eighty Count Tolstoy was writing with vigor, penetration and power surpassed by no author of modern Europe.

General William Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, continued until beyond eighty to tour about the world with as much spirit and to push forward the work of the Army in all lands with as much energy as he had shown thirty years earlier.

Achievements of Women

Nor are achievements in advanced age confined to men. Women have their full part.

Queen Victoria carried the heavy responsibilities of her high position until the age of eighty-two.

Mary Somerville published her able and valuable work on Molecular and Microscopical Science at the age of eighty-nine.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts continued her active and far-reaching work in charities and philanthropy until almost the time of her death at the age of ninety-three.

The other day I read of a lady of wealth and social position in Paris who at eighty-two learned Spanish in order to increase her usefulness in prison work, and who now at ninety-six is still actively interested in prison reform and other movements of public beneficence.

Mrs. Lucretia Mott continued to be one of the most indefatigable, unselfish and influential workers in America in behalf of temperance,

the elevation of woman and the cause of universal peace, up almost to the end of her life at eighty-seven.

At seventy-five, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore was still the unrivalled queen of the American lyceum platform, enjoying a degree of popularity and wielding a power little if any less than at the age of fifty.

Miss Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton carried on with unabated vigor their powerful advocacy of the cause of equal rights for women, the former to the age of eighty-four and the latter to the age of eighty-seven.

Mrs. Howe

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe maintained up to ninety, with hardly any abatement, her keen interest in the progress of the world and her great literary and philanthropic activity. Writing of her at that advanced age, Florence Painter said in Putnam's magazine, "Mrs. Howe is to-day president of the New England Women's Club, as she has been for thirty-three years; she is also president of the Boston Authors' Club; she is president *emerita* of the Circolo Italiano, and of the State Federation of Women's Clubs; she is vice-president *emerita* of the National Federation of Women's Clubs; and she continues to be an interested member of the Papeterie of Newport, the Wintergreen Club, and other organizations. Within the past year

she has attended and spoken at hearings on Woman's Suffrage at the Massachusetts State House. In a single week she has given three public addresses on technical matters and to bodies of experts, one before the Religious Education Association, another in the Italian language before the Circolo Italiano." What a record is this for a woman of four-score and ten!

In the face of such examples as all these,—and scores and hundreds of others might be cited,—how shallow seems the thought that at seventy or sixty or earlier, life's work is necessarily over, and that the period beyond is only a time for inactivity, gloom, and living upon the achievements and memories of the past!

The Psychology of Age

Age is largely a matter of psychology. We are old as soon as we think we are, and no sooner.

Age is a relative term. The point in life at which people begin to regard themselves old is largely a matter of custom. If a foolish custom fixes the time of the coming on of old age as at seventy or sixty or even fifty, the majority of people are likely, simply because others do so, weakly and foolishly to consent, creep into a corner, and regard their active years as over. Thus one-third of life, and what should be the best third, is lost. We want a new psychology which will make men and women everywhere

think of old age as beginning at least twenty or thirty years later than they have been imagining.

Few utterances that have come down to us from the past are so much to be regretted as the words so often quoted from the Psalms:

"The days of our years are three-score years and ten;
And if by reason of strength they be four-score years,
Yet is their strength labor and sorrow."

These words have had the effect virtually to make the whole Christian world (and of course the Jewish world too) accept seventy years as the normal term of human life, and to give the impression that all beyond that must be a period of weakness and misery.

The science of our day shows that there is no ground for such a view.

Increasing Length of Human Life

Within two or three generations the average length of life in civilized lands has increased more than a decade, and is now above forty years. This is only a beginning of what should be before us. Careful students and great scientific authorities are insisting that the average of life ought to rise to fifty or sixty years, if not considerably more, and that we ought to see quite as many persons living to be ninety and a hundred years old as we now see living to be seventy and eighty.

Professor Metchnikoff tells us that we should live to the age of one hundred and forty; that not one man in a million now completes his normal life period; that by simple and natural living and by obedience to the laws of physical and mental health our lives may be not only enormously prolonged but prolonged in vigor and under conditions ensuring happiness and productivity; and that a man who dies at seventy is cut off in the very flower of his days.

Happiness in Old Age

The belief has already been expressed that age ought not to be, and except in rare cases need not be, a time of unhappiness, or even of less happiness than earlier periods of life. Indeed, if the years preceding have been properly spent, ought not old age to be the most enjoyable period of all?

Dr. Channing, being asked what he thought the happiest time of life, replied, "About sixty." He had just passed his sixtieth birthday.

The Rev. Rush R. Shippen, attending a National Unitarian Conference at Atlantic City, N. J., when nearly eighty, gave an address not only of great power, but filled with a spirit of hopefulness and enthusiasm which marked him as one of the youngest men in spirit in the Conference. One of his most emphatic declarations was, that life had grown brighter to him as he had advanced, and that his latest years had been found his happiest.

This fine youthfulness of spirit continued right on. At the age of eighty-two he wrote to a friend on New Year's Day: "For every new year my favorite greeting is St. Paul's trumpet call, 'Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark.' Some things we would not and cannot forget. Red letter days, dear friends and friendships, old time memories, which forever enrich and sweeten life, are precious treasures that death cannot touch nor the ground bury. But no dead past should clog or hinder our living advance. Neither discouraged by past failure, nor satisfied with past success, resolutely let us press forward, making each new day better than any that are gone. Upon every new morning let us greet the rising sun saying, 'This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.' This unfinished planet, with fertile valleys and prairies, rich mines of hidden wealth and vast forests of material for use and beauty, the good Lord has given to his children to cultivate, develop and perfect, changing thorn and brier to myrtle and rose, and turning the wilderness to a garden of God, and in doing this to be divinely educated. For one who uses it nobly, doing his best, what a grand school for culture! what a divine temple for worship of the Most High! what a delight-

ful home of living brotherhood in preparation for that better home beyond, where no tears for parting come! So let us with faith, hope and charity, with loving service to God and man,

"'Ring out the old, Ring in the new.'"

Freeman Clarke and Robert Collyer

Dr. James Freeman Clark died at the age of seventy-eight. His biographer says of him: "To the end of his life he continued to have the expectant outlook of youth. He was always working, studying, producing—enjoying nature, art, books, people. He climbed mountains, sailed, rowed, sat up nights on the roof of his house to observe the stars. He talked with theologians, he played with children. He liked to go on journeys, but was apt to return a day or two before the time set, entering the house with a radiant air of satisfaction at finding himself once more in his own home." In one of his latest sermons he wrote: "It is a blessed thing that the longer we live, the more beautiful the world becomes, the more rich and precious life seems. It is the young who are the oftenest tired of life. As we live on, we seem to grow younger, not older."

Dr. Robert Collyer said of himself at seventy-eight:—"My life grows sweeter as the years come and go." At his eightieth birthday celebration his friend, John W. Chadwick, read a poem containing these verses:

"And still the years, the blessed years,
Soft stooping from above,
Have poured the treasures of their grace,
The sweetness of their love.

Still happy work and happy play
Have kept you strong and glad,
Till half we dream these crowning years
The best of all you've had.

Don't think of going, Robert, yet,
Stay with us still awhile;
We need the glory of your laugh,
The sweetness of your smile."

Robert Ingersoll said of Collyer: "He has a brain full of the dawn; the head of a philosopher; the imagination of a poet, and the sincere heart of a child." This was as true of him in old age as in earlier life. Why then should not his life have grown sweeter with the years?

Dr. Joseph Priestley, when he was young, preached that old age was the happiest time of life; and when he was himself eighty he wrote, "I have found it so."

Professor John Torrey, one of the most distinguished botanists of the United States, who lived to old age, a little while before his death was returning from Florida where he had been for his health, when he was rallied for having gone to seek Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Youth. "No," he replied, "I have not been

seeking the Fountain of Youth; but the Fountain of Old Age. For the longer I live the more I find myself enjoying life."

President Dwight

When Dr. Dwight resigned the Presidency of Yale University in the year 1899, at the age of seventy, he gave utterance to these words:

"I lay down my office not because I am old. Seventy is not old; but it is the end of the summer term, and vacation time has come. My theory of life has been this: I believe life was made as much for one period as another, childhood, prime, and later life; and every man should prepare himself for the late afternoon hour, so that he may grow happier to the last. I look forward to coming years of greater happiness than I have ever known."

A lady in advanced life recently said of herself: "Although more than eighty-three years of age, I can truthfully say that I am very happy. It is true that I have lost many of those dearest to me; but they are waiting for me in another world. I can still read the works of great writers. I find my French and my Latin as easy as in my early years. I employ my needle to some extent in useful work. I was never more keenly alive to the beauties of nature, and the charms of the changing seasons. It is delightful to receive the loving attentions of my children and my friends. I watch the development of my grand-children with intense

gratification. I constantly strive to maintain my interest in those around me, and in the affairs of the great world outside. To one who does this, and whose religion is not a mere name, but a vital reality, old age may be the crowning happiness of life."

Said Mrs. Howe when far past eighty: "The deeper I drink of the cup of life, the sweeter it grows,—the sugar all at the bottom!" At ninety-one she said: "My health is perfect. I feel full of youth." She spent a part of the morning of her ninety-first birthday reading Greek, and a part pleading before a Boston Commission for pure milk for babies. Her daughter, Mrs. Richards, wrote of her: "In her heart is changeless spring."

Whittier, Holmes and Emerson

Whittier wrote his last poem at the age of eighty-four, only a few weeks before his death. It was addressed to his life-long friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was only two years his junior. In the poem we find these lines, which picture well the old age of both men:

"Far off, and faint as echoes of a dream,
The songs of boyhood seem,
Yet on our autumn boughs, unflown with spring,
The evening thrushes sing."

Emerson met his old age as cheerfully and happily as he had met his earlier life, seeing in

it something just as good. When nearing the end we hear him chant:

"A little while
Still plan and smile.
As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storms of time;
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
Lowly, faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

Wrote George Macdonald:

"Why should not a man be happy when he is growing old, so long as his faith strengthens the feeble knees which chiefly suffer in the process of going down hill? True, the fever heat is over, and the oil burns more slowly in the lamp of life; but if there is less fervor, there is more pervading warmth; if less of fire, more of sunshine; there is less smoke and more light. Verily, youth is good, but old age better—to the man who forsakes not his youth when his youth forsakes him."

Sowing and Reaping

The lesson which we all need to learn is, that old age is largely what we make it. Even when it is darkened by illness and pain, the probability is that in a majority of cases these have been brought on to a greater or less degree

by the sufferer's own conduct—by his own violations of the laws of life and health.

A happy old age is not a mere accident. It is also true that seldom is an unhappy old age an accident. The law is, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap,"—in this world as truly as in the next. Even illness and pain cannot prevent a large measure of happiness in old age if the conditions of the soul have been kept right. Some of the sunniest and serenest lives are those into which great bodily suffering has come.

As already urged, the growing old process is something which should appertain mainly if not wholly to the body, and only to a very limited extent if at all to the soul. Of course my body must in time become worn out,—it was only designed for a limited amount of service. When that service has been rendered I shall lay it aside as a garment no longer required. But my body is not my Self.

An Ancient Upanishad

Emerson on the seventy-seventh anniversary of his birth received a letter from Professor Max Müller of Oxford, the English translator of many of the Sacred Books of the East, bringing birthday greetings and containing a striking passage from an ancient Upanishad of India, recently discovered. The passage was as follows:

"Old age and decay lay hold of the body, the

senses, the memory, the mind, but never of the Self, the Looker-on. The Self never grows tired: only the body grows tired of supporting the Self. The Self never grows blind: only the windows of the senses become darkened with dust and rain. The Self never forgets: only the inscriptions on the memory fade, and it is well that much should be forgotten. The Self never errs. The many wheels of our watches grow rusty, but we look up at the eternal dial in the heavens above which remains right forever."

Wrote grand old Dr. Guthrie, of Scotland: "Men say I am growing old, because my hair is silvered, and there are crow-feet upon my forehead, and my step is not so firm as it used to be. But they are mistaken. That is not me. The brow is wrinkled; but the brow is not me. This is only the house in which I live. I am young, younger now than I ever was before."

Dr. Ames on Old Age

Dr. Charles G. Ames, of Boston, when past eighty wrote as follows in a birthday letter to an aged lady parishioner:

"You and I know better than to count these swift flying years for much more than the infancy of our existence, and we do not care to have our friends speak of us as 'aged people.' But we thank the Heavenly Father for giving us so fair a chance to make a beginning and to live on this particular planet at this particular time. What a wonderful history has been en-

acted before our eyes! What wonderful people we have known! What rich opportunities have been ours, conjugating the verb *to be* through all its moods and tenses! For you, dear sister, I can wish nothing less and nothing more than a starlit evening to our earthly day, and a glad awakening in the morning that knows no night."

If the human soul is to live forever, how can it be possible but that God intends it to be always young, in this world as long as we remain here, as well as beyond the grave?

As we have seen, some of the youngest people are men and women whose hair is white with the snows of many winters, but there is eternal summer in their hearts. If people lived as they ought, would they not always grow younger in spirit as they grow older in years?

Major Pendennis and the Humboldts

Writes Philip Gilbert Hammerton: "There are lives, such as that of Major Pendennis, which only diminish in value as they advance,—when the man of fashion no longer is fashionable, and the sportsman can no longer stride over the plowed field. The old age of Major Pendennis is surely not to be envied; but how rich is the old age of the Humboldts! . . . I compare the life of the Intellectual to a long wedge of gold—the thin edge of it begins at birth, and the depth and value of it go on indefinitely increasing till at last comes death—

which stops the auriferous processes. O the mystery of the nameless ones who have died when the wedge was thin and looked so poor and light! O the happiness of the old men whose thoughts go deeper and deeper, like a wall that runs out into the sea!"

In a perfect world, could growing old in years mean anything except increasing in wisdom and experience and wealth of life? And what would this be but perpetual youth? Indeed Swedenborg says: "In heaven the angels are advancing continually to the springtime of their youth, so that the oldest angels appear the youngest." Must we not believe that something like this is true? There is much more than mere pleasantry in our words when we say, as we sometimes do, of a man who has grown old in years, but whose spirit has defied age: "He is sixty or seventy or eighty years *young*."

A Completed Life

Sometimes we pity the old because the years remaining to them are few. But if they have lived their lives well, serving their generation and keeping their souls undaunted, why should we pity them? Rather let us congratulate them that they have attained; that they have completed their task; gone through their full day; rounded life's earthly circle; made entire what otherwise would have been only a fragment. Surely Browning's view must be the true one, because he contemplates life as a whole; sees

God in it all, the last as well as the first; and, better still, finds the last the consummation and crown of the whole. How splendid and inspiring is his challenge:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid.'"

Life Like a River

In a life lived as it ought to be I think that growing old may well be thought of as resembling the progress of a river. As the river advances toward the sea it ripples and dances less with laughter and song; it grows stiller and calmer; but it also grows wider and deeper; and it bears richer freight on its bosom.

This is exactly what multitudes find it to be. Wrote Dr. Ames at eighty-two: "Some Oriental describes the earthly life of man as an ever shallowing stream that loses itself in the sand. To me its retrospect, aspect and prospect suggest, rather, a growing river fed by countless tributaries—from the sky-fed highlands of nature, tradition, history and the Hills of God—moving in deepening and widening volume towards its ocean destiny, in which it is not lost but found."

I think that growing old ought to be like the climbing of a mountain. Every step takes us a little higher; the air becomes purer; the view grows wider and wider, until at last our feet attain the summit, the mysterious but splendid

"mountain-top of death,
Where we may draw diviner breath
And see the long-lost friends we love."

How to Avoid Growing Old in Spirit

The thing to be most feared in connection with growing old is the possibility of an aging soul. Do you ask how you may avoid this?

One thing you must do first, last and all the while. Refuse ever to think of old age as having a claim upon any part of you except your body. Of your soul, your Self, say resolutely and always: I am young, I shall always be young. Of course my body must grow old, because it is of the dust. But what of that? I am not of the dust, I am spirit; I am a child of God and of the eternities.

Other things also you must do.

Learn that age is a time when men and women should have leisure and quiet and rest. You cannot keep up the pressure and pace of former years without disaster. Retire earlier; sleep nine hours now instead of eight; take a nap after dinner. Do not hesitate to make friends with the arm chair and the rocker and the couch. Avoid excitements; indulge in no stimulants; simplify your life.

Recreation

Learn to play once more. You played in childhood and youth, and found joy in it; if you would keep young in spirit, you must play in old age.

Plan for yourself a reasonable amount of amusements and recreations. These are to the mind what sleep is to the body; they rest and refresh. As the body requires more rest in age than in earlier life, so does the mind.

Your recreations should not be so strenuous as in your younger years, but you never needed recreations more than now. Choose those adapted to our strength, those that exhilarate and do not exhaust, those that that you can put your heart into and really enjoy, as far as possible those that will take you out of doors, and as a rule those that are simple.

Socrates in old age learned to play a musical instrument.

Gladstone at eighty-seven learned to ride a bicycle.

George Bancroft kept up his daily habit of horseback riding almost to the time of his death at ninety.

Gardening

Many old people, both men and women, find most delightful recreation, and greatly invigorated health, in gardening—in caring for flowers and fruits.

A hard working friend of mine, over eighty years of age, who every day does a day's work

in a shop, finds the delight of his life in cultivating flowers, out of doors in summer and under glass in winter, in order that he may be able on Sundays to make beautiful the pulpit of the church which he loves, and on week days to give pleasure to sick and shut-in friends and neighbors.

A woman of my knowledge had all her life wanted a flower garden, but was unable to gratify her desire until after she was seventy. Then circumstances enabled her to purchase a little home, with an acre of ground, and now she is happy from morning to night, the season through, among her flowers. Her smile is the smile of a girl.

I have just learned of a man of means, aged seventy-five years, who has bought a farm and is going into extensive tree planting. Do you say the trees will never grow to any size in his day? Well, if they do not, new hope and joy will grow in his heart, and that is more important.

I have a friend of seventy-three, a literary man, who finds his recreation in walking. He is an enthusiast, taking long tramps in all seasons of the year. There is not a public road, or lane, or foot path through fields or woods, or picturesque scene, or fine landscape view, within five miles of his home that he is not familiar with. He knows the haunts of rare birds, the nooks

where the choicest wild flowers are to be found, and the hills from which may be obtained the finest views of the sunset. His tramps give him health and joy, and keep him young. Fortunate is the friend invited to accompany him. Happiest of the happy are the boys and girls privileged to be his companions in nutting time.

Golf

It is a good sign of the times that so many old persons are playing golf. I read yesterday of a "foursome" played on an English golf course in which the aggregate ages was three hundred and thirty-one years,—the competitors being eighty-six and eighty on one side, and eighty-four and eighty-one on the other.

No one should count himself too old for golf. Golf is our one modern out-door sport that is equally good for all ages, and for both men and women. It seems, however, to have been specially invented to keep old people young.

I know an old man who to the surprise of himself and his friends and to the great joy of his grand-children, has become (in their eyes at least) a wonderful story teller. In his younger days he never told stories, and never attempted to do so; he thought he had no time, and was sure he had no gift. But later in life, when he had more leisure and had become a grandfather, and when three or four small boys and girls thronged about him and climbed on his knees and his chair begging for stories, he began to

try. The grand-children were delighted, and the gift grew by exercise; and now the verdict is that there never was such a story-teller as grandfather. If the stories are the joy of the children, what have they done for him? They have created within him a new heart, and make him young again.

The directions in which old persons may take recreation are numberless. One person cannot choose for another. But no wiser counsel can be given to men or women who would keep themselves young, than that which insists upon recreation in some form being made a part of their daily plan of life.

Travel

Old age is a good time for travel, especially if one has been deprived of the opportunity earlier in life. If you have never seen Niagara, or the White Mountains, or the Yellowstone Park, or England, or Italy, or even the Holy Land, and can go now, what a fresh and beautiful new chapter it will add to your life! A man or woman of eighty, who is in good health, need not hesitate at all about going to Europe for a summer of leisurely sight-seeing. I know a lady who rode through Palestine on horseback —ten days continuously in the saddle—when she was past seventy. I have a friend past ninety who has just been touring in his automobile through California.

If you would keep young, interest yourself

New Interests

in new things, new lines of thought, new lines of reading. Within your limit of strength, begin new enterprises. No matter if you have only a year before you, or a day, begin; make the most of the time you have left. If you need a new house and are able to build it, build it. Do not say, I am old and the old house will last as long as I. Rather say, My young soul deserves a better abiding place, even if my old body does not. Build for the very joy of building. Build as a demonstration to the world and to yourself that you are very much alive and intend to remain so, and that you defy everything in old age that would fossilize your soul.

Lighten your cares and responsibilities, but keep such responsibilities as you have strength for. Thus your life will preserve its incentives, its dignity, and its meaning. Lighten your labor, but do not cease from labor. Remember that idleness means emptiness of mind, discontent and despondency, and therefore almost certainly the shortening of one's days.

Be Unselfish

Care for things beyond yourself. Dig wells in the desert for others to drink. Plant trees to give shade and fruit to others after you are gone.

Do you have money? Remember that you cannot carry it beyond this world. Set it at work at once doing some good. Do not hoard it and cling to it, and only leave it at last for

others to quarrel over. Dispose of it yourself, and dispose of it nobly. This will bring a new delight into your life. Give to yourself the great joy of making and carrying out plans for benefiting others, of seeing your money turning into streams of blessing to the world. You will be amazed to find the power this will have to keep you young both in mind and body.

Believe in the Future

Believe in progress. Be a forward looker. Believe in the coming generation. Believe that after you, better men and women will come and take up the work which you lay down, and carry it on to results larger and better than you can understand.

Keep alive your interest in what is going on in the great world. If you read fewer papers than once you did, read better ones. As much as you can, read books. Read the dear old books that you have loved in the past; and, among new books, read especially such as show the onward march of the race. These are the thoughts and things that will keep the Fountain of Youth open and flowing in your soul.

Keep alive your interest in your neighbors and in society around you; mingle with others; cherish friendships. Let the fact that your old friends are growing fewer be a reason for prizing those that remain. And make new friends, especially among the young.

Open your heart, as Jesus did his, to children,

Love for Children

especially to young children; seek their society; let them know that you are their lover. And their answering love, their joy, their laughter and the sunshine of their faces will have a marvellous power to keep your soul youthful.

Love is the most effective of all antidotes against old age. Forever are the words of Emerson true:

"Love wakes anew this trembling heart,
And we are never old:
Over the winter glaciers
I see the summer glow,
And through the well-piled snow drifts
The warm rosebuds blow."

Be sure to cherish and nourish love in every possible form. Keep all the fountains of affection in your life open and flowing; let none get clogged even for a day by indifference or carelessness or selfishness. Love is life. It is the very highest kind of life: it is the life of God in the soul. Says the Apostle: "Every one that loveth is born of God." He is born into a life that cannot die and cannot grow old.

The very humblest and simplest love is a road leading straight to Heaven. All the gates of the Celestial City fly open when Love rings her bells of gold. And best fact of all, the Heavens and Celestial Cities that Love leads to have not to be waited for until death is passed: they ask

to be allowed to spring up for us on every side in this world, wherever we go and wherever we stay.

Love nature; keep companionship with her. Love the sunshine; live in the sunshine. Watch for the coming of the first spring flowers and the first spring robin. Never miss a beautiful sunset. Gaze often and long at the night stars, that their benediction and their peace may fall upon your spirit. Thus your soul may defy old age.

Believe That Your Life is Divine

Above all, believe that your life is divine, and that the world is divine. Learn how near God is.

Believe that the stars shine with His light; that your pulse beats with His life; that your heart's love is a drop that has come to you from the great Infinite Loving Heart. Learn to say with Whitman:

"I see something of God each hour of the twenty-four and each moment;
In the faces of men and women I see God; and in my own face in the glass;
I find letters from God dropped in the street, and every one is signed by God's name;
And I know that others will punctually come forever and forever."

Can a soul able to say that, fear the swift flight of years?

Believe that there is a Providence of Good

Believe in Eternal Love

over you and over the world wise enough and great enough to weave your weaknesses and shortcomings, and your old age, and your death, and the old age and death of your loved ones, into a splendid web-of-cloth-of-gold whose eternal meaning is Life and Love.

Trim the lamp of your faith in immortality; pour abundant oil into it. How? By living nobly. The diviner your life, the more clearly you will see that it is God's life in you, and so the surer you will be that it cannot be extinguished.

Think of death not as an end but as a beginning; as a sleep and a waking; as a passing from one room to another of the Father's house. Sing with Whittier that

> "Death is but a covered way
> Which opens into light."

Ponder in your heart the great Scripture words: "Beloved, now are we children of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." And these: "We know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens."

The soul inspired by such a faith can know no old age, and no death. It has found the Fountain of Perpetual and Eternal Youth.

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